

## Princesses of an Afternoon

Paris Mannequins Cinderellas Whose Story Is Constantly Beginning Over Again.

PARIS, Dec. 21. People have not forgotten the Persian night given in his own house by M. Poirer, the maker of fashions, last summer. The grounds were lit with thousands of subdued electric lamps of Persian half-tints, and every room was carpeted with products of the looms of Shiraz. Chairs were banished. The guests reclined upon low divans or the

Poirer's employees, placed in the fête like scenery. Each wore the Persian gown the master dressmaker had assigned her. They were told to be natural and easy, but conversation does not always sparkle when you know that the others know that your clothes are borrowed.

Paris mannequin girls of what contrasts is their life made up! They are the true Cinderellas, with the difference that they are always recommencing. Cinderella won out. Mannequin girls know that they must keep it.

Princesses of an afternoon, they manage to enjoy illusion. Mingling in couples with the elegant public of the racetrack paddock, they delight in the fact that they are unknown to most of the admiring men. Especially lone men take them for heiresses and grandes dames. How they shrink when a rich woman customer of the firm tells with assumed indifference their real identity and reveals that they are perambulating clotheshorses, third cousins to the sandwich man.

Sent out by their employers to the races in immaculate victorias or automobiles with pocket money for their entrance fees, race cards, iced orangeade or hot tea and tips to the boys who place their chairs, they watch rather the real ladies than the horses.

They miss not a gesture nor a movement nor an expression of the faces of the rich and elegant spectators. "Thus must I bow slightly, thus look up, scarce smiling," they note. They perfect their deportment, seek to acquire the repose that stamps the caste of Verre de Verre, and often come to outdo their teachers.

In turn the real ladies watch them with mixed envy and disdain. They are but poor girls, wearing clothes to earn their living; but how charmingly they wear them. It is not so much that they are



"AND JIBBOOM JABOTS."

beautiful face or figure; no, their charm is that of the exhibitor of new styles, easy, supple, unsurprised and deft. It is slander to call them wax show figures.

In a word the mannequin girls are sent out to Paris to show the newest styles; yes, of course, but also how to wear them. Great houses cannot trust their customers entirely; they might misrepresent a new mode.

Yes, of course, the ladies know them, otherwise there would be no use in sending them out. Rich women frequent the shops of all the great dressmakers and become as familiar with the faces of the mannequin girls as with the styles and workmanship of each establishment.



"OH, MA CHERE, HE TOOK ME FOR A DAUGHTER OF FAMILY!"

"FLOATING CLOAKS AND FLOWING SLEEVES."

velvet pile of rugs, or masses of silken and brocaded pillows.

Nobody was permitted to enter except in Oriental dress, and no effort was spared to reconstitute a picture of the East. Perhaps to none of the guests did the scene seem less unreal than to some twenty young women, whose lives are spent in lovely seeming, with a bell that ever rings for lights out at the charming moment. Queens for a day, princesses of an afternoon, they usually spend their evenings in the chimney corner, but, heart up—a mannequin girl must not be dazed because a Persian prince in Poirer's parlors has been laughing with her as an equal.

These were girls paid, all the year, to wear beautiful clothes. They were M-

the Bois, the flower fêtes, charity fairs and even to London and New York, continually changing wonderful travelling and dinner gowns on board ship, where the rich are idle and receptive. But chiefly they are sent out to the races, which in Paris are the rendezvous of fashion, wealth and beauty.

Everybody knows that there are two schools of style designing. The arch-

plaints of the injustice of M. Maurice, the style designer, and his system, which is that of the bouquet maker. "From 2 till 5, three killing hours, the monster kept me on the pedestal. There is no justice!"

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"LINE WILL GO MORE AND MORE INTO SOCIETY OF AFTERNOONS."

Do not criticize the girls for being gay after nine hours of repression. As the clock strikes seven they go scurrying into their own street clothes and out arm in arm along the brilliantly lighted Rue de la Paix, the fashion street of all the world amid the press of equipages and automobiles impeded and blocked by the mighty flood of clerks and employees hastening to subway, bus and tram.

Laughing, pushing, pulling, boisterous, hysterical, stretching arm in arm across the sidewalk, the girls let off their high shouts for the first and only time in twenty-four hours on their way home to dinner and to bed.

These are not midnights. They do not fête St. Catherine. By mid noon the latter decides at a glance whether

Queens for an afternoon!

In the paddock with the fashionables, more elegant than the elegantes, admired and admirably self-possessed, perfect mannered, the mannequin girls live their delightful dream and they awake to find themselves waiting, a discontented row on benches in an obscure back room. When called they must hasten to the parlors, slip on the costume which a customer desires to see exhibited and become walking clotheshorses, never spoken to nor speaking.

They must take turns in that back room; the establishment always requires a full complement for the parlors. Through long, dull, drizzling afternoons they lounge miserably on the benches, waiting hungrily for their tea and jealously for the return of the luckier sisters.

They come, the returning Cinderellas! Smiling, flushed still with excitement, they relate their adventures. Alice has again been overtaken by the handsome cavalier along the lonely lakeside. "Oh, ma chère, he takes me for a daughter of family," she says. "He has asked my father's name. Oh, oh, what shall I tell him?" Tears roll down her cheeks.

Jeannette, belling in her landau, has been stopped in the crush near the racetrack. "The policeman let me pass, and I heard a man say, 'The rich and beautiful Mme. Letellier!'"

Suzanne tells of the handsome young bookmaker who proposes marriage weekly. "He can give me every luxury and a position!"

The other girls listen patiently with marks of interest to the stories. Only on this condition would they get a flattering audience when their turn comes to go out into the great world and come back at night to brag.

Léonore sprawls with self-contained content upon the rug pile. Léonore has been a kept in, yet Léonore has triumphed over a disagreeable customer. And Léonore sighs, stretches herself, yawns and com-

the new style will do, then calls in the head of the store's goods department to decide if the new style can do. Is it in harmony with the coming materials? Can it be combined creditably? Only after such consultations is the first model built up from water color designs.

The bouquet maker's system begins at the other end. The head of the store's goods department brings him the new stuffs and trimmings. A patient mannequin girl stands on a pedestal. With piece after piece of new material the style designer drapes her, compares, matches, contrasts, feeling his way with line and trimming, exactly as you make a bouquet, trying the effects of single flowers and bunches. And all the while two expert girls hover round attentive, with scissors at waist, mouths full of pins and deft fingers ready to fix any effect which the master may stumble on.

of daylight) they would scorn to laugh above a well bred ripple or attract attention other than to their aristocratic mise and manners.

Another of the princesses of the Rue de la Paix meditated as to how he should cele-

brate his promotion to the Legion of Honor. Instead of bidding a crowd of politely supercilious customers to rejoice with him in his decoration M. Doucille collected round him his employees, friends and a few broad minded, long time patrons in more familiar but perhaps not less expensive style than the Persian night of M. Poirer. The employees of his firm presented him with a cross in brilliants and a bronze by Barras. After the banquet there was a concert which lasted till midnight. As a pleasant termination the host stated that that week's salary would be doubled for all the work girls in his pay; and the number of them is not small.

The example given by these two leaders

of fashion is likely to be followed, and shows that business has been specially good this year. Paris is crowded with rich visitors. All seem intent on renewing their wardrobes. It is seldom indeed that such a golden harvest has been reaped from the field of feminine vanity, and fashions get richer and more costly from week to week.

Quite so, even so. And Léonore and Suzanne will go more and more into society—of afternoons—in more and more costume, continually more and more expensive, beautiful and gracious, furs, plumes, aggrès, floating cloaks and flowing sleeves, girdles of ermine, stoles of sable, airy scarfs and jibboom jabots.

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## ODD FEARS THAT COME WHEN PRIMITIVE MAN BREAKS OUT

A few days ago an attorney told Judge Swann in Part V. of the Court of General Sessions that he represented one of the jurors sitting in that court and asked the Judge to excuse his client from further duty.

"What is the reason?" asked the Judge.

The juror, the lawyer explained, could not bear to hear blood mentioned. In a case tried there the day before the Judge had used the words "blood flowed" in addressing the jury and the juror, the lawyer explained, could not bear to hear blood mentioned. In a case tried there the day before the Judge had used the words "blood flowed" in addressing the jury and the juror, the lawyer explained, could not bear to hear blood mentioned. In a case tried there the day before the Judge had used the words "blood flowed" in addressing the jury and the juror, the lawyer explained, could not bear to hear blood mentioned.

"Don't that beat all!" said one of the men in the court room.

Others began to talk about it. One remembered a friend who could not bear the sight of a knife, another had a sister who never rode in the subway because she was afraid when she was in a closed place. A third man recalled helping a well dressed stranger across the street because, the stranger told him, open places made him timid.